



*E. 1<sup>re</sup> Gucke in v. Seul.*

D A M O N

A N D

P H I L L I D A.

A

B A L L A D O P E R A

O F O N E A C T.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, *Drury-Lane.*

B Y

His MAJESTY's Servants.

---

*With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, and J. WATTS.

M DCC XLIX.

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[ Price One Shilling. ]





*Lately Publish'd,  
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Momus turn'd Fabulist; or,  
Vulcan's Wedding.

Printed for J. Watts at the Printing-Office in Wild-Court  
near Lincoln's Inn-Fields.






## Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Arcas</i> , A Nobleman of great Possessions in <i>Arcadia</i> ,	} Mr. <i>Winstone</i> .
<i>Ægon</i> , His Friend,	Mr. <i>Cole</i> .
<i>Corydon</i> , An Old Shepherd,	Mr. <i>Turbutt</i> .
<i>Cimon</i> , and <i>Mopsus</i> ,	} Simple Brothers, in Love with <i>Phillida</i> , } Mr. <i>Miller</i> . } Mr. <i>Oates</i> .
<i>Damon</i> , An Inconstant,	Mr. <i>Stoppelaer</i> .
<i>Phillida</i> , Daughter to <i>Corydon</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Clive</i> .

S C E N E, *The Arcadian Fields.*





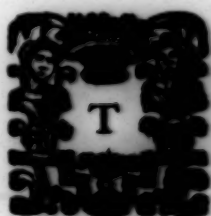
D A M O N  
A N D  
*P H I L L I D A.*  
A  
B A L L A D O P E R A.

---

S C E N E I.

*A R C A S, Æ G O N.*

*Æ G O N.*

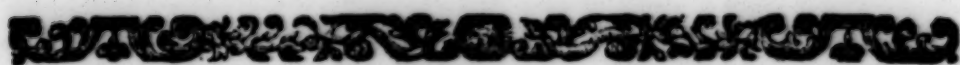


HIS way I see old *Corydon* advancing :  
He comes, by my Appointment, to complain  
Of some Abuse that's offer'd to his Daughter ;  
And hopes, that your Authority will right him.

*Arc.* 'Tis true ! somewhat of his *Pastora* told me.

*Æg.* He's here, with all the Parties, to attend you.

S C E N E



## S C E N E II.

*Enter Corydon, Phillida, Cimon, Mopsus, Damon, and  
other Shepherds.*

*Cor.* May all our Gods preserve the noble *Arcas*,  
Lord of our Lands and Flocks.———

*Arc.* ————— Good Neighbours, welcome!  
What seems amiss, that may concern your Welfare?

*Cor.* Ah! my good Lord, I have no Skill to speech it;  
But Grief at Heart will always find a Tongue.  
My Lord, this home-bred Maid I call my Daughter,  
She's all I have, and all my Hope; now I  
Would gladly see her well dispos'd in Marriage:  
And, that she might not die a Maid, unask'd,  
I have declar'd one half of what I have  
Her Dow'r, in present; at my Death, the rest.  
'Tis true, 'tis little; but still, the Half is Half!  
Now here, so please you, I have found her out  
A pair of wholsom Youths, to take her choice of:  
Brothers they be, Sons of my Neighbour *Dorus*,  
This is call'd *Cimon*, and the younger *Mopsus*!  
Their Means, and Manners, suit her Breeding well,  
And both profess their Hearts are set upon her.

*Cim.* Yes, and please you, both cruelly in Love.

[*Half crying.*]

*Cor.* Nay pr'ythee, *Cimon*, let me tell my Story.

*Arc.* A little Patience, Friend———

*Mop.* ————— Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh!  
That Fool my Brother's always in the wrong!

*Cor.* Fy! fy! *Mopsus*! now thou art worse than he.

*Arc.* On with thy Tale———

*Cor.*



*Cor.* ———— Now, Sir, these Lads, I say,  
Were nothing in the way to cross their Courtship,  
Might one or t'other make her a good Husband.  
But here, here, an't please you, lies our Grief!  
The wilful Girl is scornful to them both.  
And why? because, forsooth! she loves another!  
But how! how is her Love dispos'd? Why thus!  
This pranking gamesom Boy, this *Damon* here!  
With Songs, and Gambols, has, I think, bewitch'd her.  
His Pipe, it seems, has play'd her sweeter Sounds,  
And all the idle Day they toy and sing together.

*Cim.* Ay, so they do, and please you ———

*Cor.* ———— Nay, nay, *Cimon*!

*Cim.* Well, well! I've done: but I'm sure it's true tho'.——

*Cor.* So nothing now will down with her but *Damon*.

And what will *Damon* do? Why, ruin her?  
The Lamb that's in the hungry Fox's Mouth,  
Has little hope to scape being made his Breakfast:  
For he declares he ne'er intends to marry,  
And openly defies my Power to force him.  
A hard Defiance to a tender Father!

[Weeps.]

Now, good my Lord! 'tis true you're not our King,  
And therefore none are bound, by Law, to obey you:  
But you've a stronger Tie o'er us, our Hearts.  
And the great Good you do us every Day,  
Will make your Word go farther than a Law:  
So if your Pity think my Case is hard,  
I leave the Manner how, to your great Wisdom;  
And hope your Goodness will prevent a Father's Sorrow.

*Arc.* Thy Grief, good *Corydon*, I take to Heart,  
And, to my poor Extent of Power, will serve thee.  
But hear me now, what others may reply.

*Damon*, thou'st heard this good old Man's Complaint;  
Why hast thou dallied with this Maid's Affection?  
What shall I say I've done to right his Daughter?

*Dam.* Why, let the Damsel please herself, my Lord;

B

If

10      DAMON *and* PHILLIDA.

If she's dispos'd to marry, there's her Choice.

If to make Life a Frolick—Here's her Man.

*Cor.* You see, Sir, I have not accus'd her falsely.

*Arc.* 'Tis true.

Well, my good Friends. I hope what you propose

[*To Cim. and Mop.*

Will shew your Hearts are of an honest Mold,

There stands the Maid; if you have ought to urge,

That may prefer your Hopes to *Damon's*,

Take this Occasion to avow your Love :

You have her Father's Wish, and my Protection.

*Cim.* Ah! Sir, an' like you, I have no Heart to speak ;

She flouts, and glowts at me, from Morn to Night.

See how she looks now! 'cause she can't avoid me.

*Arc.* Take Courage, Man; 'tis but her Maiden Shyness.

*Cim.* D'ye think so, Sir? Why then I will take Heart!

If an old Song will do the thing, have at her.



# A BALLAD OPERA.

II

## AIR I.



*There's not a Swain,  
 On the Plain,  
 Would be blest as I,  
 O could you but, could you but on me smile:  
 But you appear  
 So severe,  
 That trembling with Fear,  
 My Heart goes pit-a-pat! pit-a-pat! all the while!  
 When I cry,  
 Must I die?  
 You make no Reply,  
 But look shy,  
 And with a scornful Eye,  
 Kill me with your Cruelty:  
 How can you be, can you be,  
 How can you be so hard to me?*

B 2

Abj



12 DAMON and PHILLIDA.

Ah! poor *Cimon*, thou art ne'er the nearer!  
Not all thy Sighs, nor Songs, nor Sobs can move her! [Crying.

*Cor.* You see, my Lord, the Lad, tho' fearful, in  
His Heart is honestly dispos'd however.

*Arc.* Perhaps she may be more inclin'd to *Mopsus*.

*Æg.* Come, *Mopsus*, now for thee, thy Heart seems chearful.

*Mop.* Ay! 'twas always so: I love to laugh,  
Let things go how they will: Why let her frown!  
As long as *Cimon's* us'd as ill as I,  
It gives one's Mind a little Ease however!  
Happen as 'twill, I shall have him to laugh at.

*Cor.* Ah! Sir, we poor Swains have but homely Words,  
To speak our Minds; but what we say, we stand to.

*Arc.* An honest Principle: Now, my good Friend;  
Let us inquire into thy Daughter's Heart:  
For that must guide us——

*Cor.* ————— *Phillida*, come near!

*Arc.* Well, my fair Maid! is there, within my Power,  
Ought, that may contribute to thy Happiness?  
Of all these Youths, for thou art free to choose,  
Which is the Swain comes nearest to thy Heart?

*Phill.* Since I am forc'd to speak the Truth, my Lord,  
I own my Heart has play'd a simple Game;  
I know my Father's Kindness means me well,  
And I could wish I had the Power to please him;  
But I am loth to lead a Savage Life:  
And sure! these Lads were woful Company.

*Cim.* O scornful Maid! my Heart will burst with Grief!

*Mop.* Hoh! hoh! poor *Cimon's* in a bitter taking! [Cries.  
[Laughs.

*Phill.* 'Twere hard to choose, from such Extremes of Folly!  
*Damon*, with all his Infidelities,  
Seems not to me, Sir, half so terrible!  
And I am more than much afraid I love him!  
'Tis true, I know him fickle, false, and faithless!  
And I have try'd a thousand, thousand times,

# A BALLAD OPERA.

13

To shut him from my Thoughts, but 'twill not do!  
 Whene'er my Heart is open, in he comes!  
 Again submits, and is again forgiven!  
 Again I love, and am again forsaken!  
 Yet still he fools me on; and when he's absent,  
 With Sighs, and Songs, I thus relieve my Folly.

## A I R II. O Mother! a Hoop.



*What Woman could do, I have try'd, to be free  
 Yet do all I can,  
 I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,  
 Still, still he's the Man.  
 They tell me, at once, he to twenty will swear:  
 When Vows are so sweet, who the Falshood can fear?  
 So, when you have said all you can,  
 Still—still he's the Man.*

## II.

*I caught him once making Love to a Maid,  
 When to him I ran,  
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who could upbraid  
 So civil a Man?  
 The next Day I found to a Third he was kind,  
 I rated him soundly; he swore, I was blind;  
 So, let me do what I can,  
 Still — still he's the Man.*

## III. All

## III.

*All the World bids me beware of his Art:*

*I do what I can;*

*But he has taken such hold of my Heart,*

*I doubt he's the Man!*

*So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,*

*He may have his Faults, but if I none can find,*

*Who can do more than they can?*

*He——still is the Man.*

*Arc.* Take Comfort, *Corydon*; all yet may mend:  
Thy Daughter's frank Confession of her Love  
Persuades me of her guarded Innocence!  
And tho' licentious *Damon* may deserve  
Severe Reproof; yet for the Maiden's sake  
(For what he suffers, her fond Heart will feel)  
We will not harden him, by Punishment,  
But rather tempt him by Reward, to Virtue.  
Of this bad Matter make we then the best.  
If therefore, *Damon*, thou, or any Swain,  
By Suit, or Service of his Love, can woo,  
And win this gentle Maid to be his Bride,  
The Dow'r which her kind Father has declar'd,  
Myself will double, on her Marriage-day,  
And give him, with her Hand, my farther Favour.

*Cor.* May all the Gods preserve the bounteous *Arcas*.  
A double Portion! Now, my honest Lads,  
There's brave Encouragement to warm your Hearts!  
Now shew your Skill, and who's the featest Fellow!  
Now sing, and dance her down to your Desires!  
Now, *Phillida*, let faithless *Damon* see  
What Love, and Honesty have gain'd, by Truth;  
And what his Pranks have lost by Wickedness.

*Phill.* Dishonesty shall never gain on me.

*Mop.* A double Dowry, *Cimon*; now's our Time!

*Cim.* Ay, but I'm tender-hearted; my poor Hopes  
Will never blossom, while she looks so frosty!

*Cor.*



*Cor.* Learn of thy Brother, Lad; thou seest he knows  
No Fear, nor Grief: Up with thy Heart, and at her.

*Cim.* Well then, since you encourage me, I will.

*Cor.* Well said, my Boy!

*Arc.* ———— Come, *Corydon*.

Now let us leave these Lovers free to woo,  
And he that first subduing, and subdued,  
Comes Hand in Hand, to ask her Bridal Dow'r,  
In farther Token of my Love, myself  
Will crown him with a Chaplet, worth his wearing.

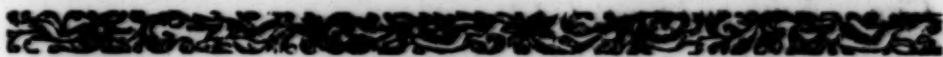
*Æg.* Now for the Garland! ————

*Mop.* ———— Live the noble *Arcas*!

[*Exeunt Arcas and Ægon.*]

*Cor.* ———— Let me but live to see that Knave,  
That graceless *Damon* bobb'd! let him but wear  
The Willow! I'll jump into my Grave,  
With Joy ————

[*Exit Cor.*]



S C E N E III.

*Dam.* ———— So! now have I probably  
All my whole Work to do over again!  
This double Dow'r, no doubt, will turn her Brain,  
And set the Wind-mill of her Sex a going.

} *Aside.*

*Mop.* Now! *Cimon*, now!

*Cim.* ———— I'd rather you'd speak first.

*Mop.* No, you are the elder ————

*Cim.* ———— But my Heart misgives me.

*Phill.* Still silent! no kind Offer yet from *Damon*?  
Has Fortune no effect upon his Heart?

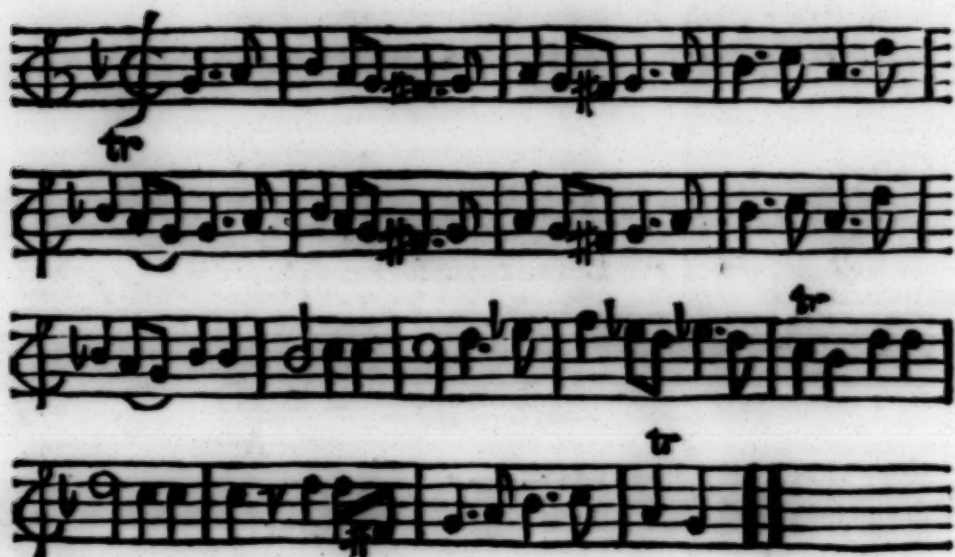
[*Aside.*]

*Cim.* No, no, I tell you, I shall never hit  
The Tune alone

*Mop.* ———— Well then, be sure you back me.

A I R

AIR III, and IV. Tell me, Jenny, &amp;c.



*Tell me, Philly, tell me roundly,  
When you will your Heart surrender?  
Cim. Faith and Troth! I love thee woundly,  
And I was the first Pretender.*

*Mop. Of us Boys,*

*Cim. Take thy Choice:*

*Mop. Here's a Heart——*

*Cim. —— And here's a Hand too.*

*Mop. His, or mine,*

*Cim. All is thine.*

*Both. Body and Goods at thy Command too.*

*Phill. How harsh and tedious is the Voice  
Of Love, from any but the Voice desir'd!*

## AIR IV.

*While you both pretend a Passion,  
'Twould be cruel to choose either;  
To preserve your Inclination,  
I must kindly fix, on neither.*

*To be just,  
I now must  
Make yours, and yours be equal Cases;  
Therefore pray,  
From this Day,  
I never may behold your Faces.*

Now be silent; if *Damon* is inclin'd  
To speak, his turn is next, you've had your Answer.

*Mop.* Well! let him speak! mayhap your Face  
May get as little good from him, as ours  
From you; 'tisn't every Man will marry you;  
Don't cry, *Cimon*; it only makes her prouder.

*Cim.* She has given me such a Kick o' the Heart,  
I shall never recover it——

*Phill.* ——Hark thee, *Cimon*!  
I like thee better than thy Brother far.

*Cim.* O! the gracious! do you truly, and truly?

*Phill.* I'll give thee Proof this Instant! take him hence,  
And keep him from my Sight, an Hour at least.  
And when thou see'st me next, come thou without him.

*Cim.* Give me thy Hand on't——

*Phill.* ——Hush! not now, they'll see us.  
Away with him——

*Cim.* A Word's enough—I'll do't.  
Come, *Mopsus*, come away—for I have a thing,  
And such a thing to tell thee, Boy——

*Mop.* ——What ails  
The Fool? Thou'rt mad!

*Cim.* ——Mad! Ay, and so would you  
Be too, were my Case yours; but come away.

*Mop.* Nay, not so fast, good *Cimon*——

*Cim.* ——Faster, *Mopsus*, faster.

[*Cimon hurries off Mopsus.*]

C

S C E N E





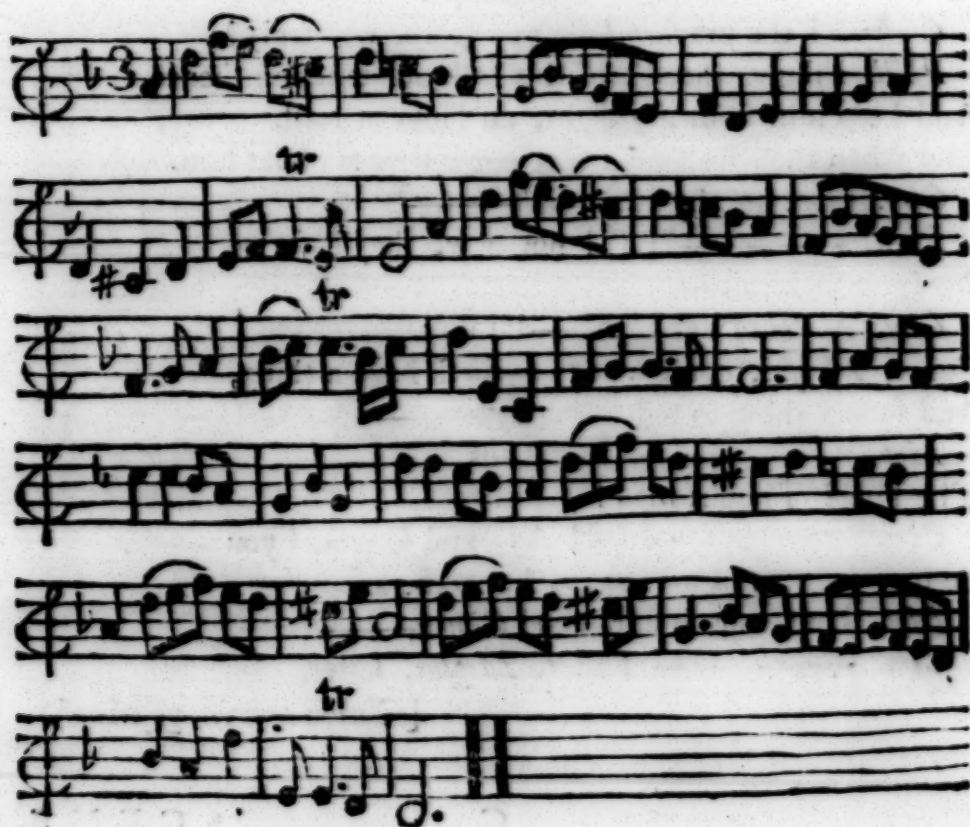
## S C E N E IV.

*Dam.* My charming Creature! this was kindly done!  
Never was Favour, to a Fool, so well  
Dissembled.———

*Phill.* — Yes, I have learn'd from you, Dissembling.  
And you'll again dissemble, to reward me.

*Dam.* Why so suspicious, *Phillida*? Don't I love thee?  
Why all this Buffle at my Heart, when thus  
I touch thy Hand, or gaze upon thy Eyes!  
Give me thy Lips, and see how thou'rt mistaken.

*Phill.* No, *Damon*; Lips are but liquorish Proofs  
Of Love, and thine too often have deceiv'd me.

A I R V. *Handell's Minuet.*

*Dam.*

# A BALLAD OPERA.

19

**Dam.** *Away with Suspicion,  
That Bane to Desire;  
The Heart that loves truly, all Danger defies;  
The Rules of Discretion  
But stifle the Fire;  
On its Merit alone, true Beauty relies.*

*What a Folly to tremble  
Lest the Lover dissemble  
His Fire?  
Turtles that woo,  
Bill and coo:  
While we enjoy  
We must be true!  
And to repeat it, is all,  
All! we can desire.*

**Phill.** 'Tis thus thou always hast decoy'd my Heart!  
Thou know'st I love, and therefore wouldst undo me.

**Dam.** I know thou lov'st, and therefore would secure thee.

## A I R VI.



**Phill.** *While you pursue me,  
Thus to undo me,  
Sure Ruin lies in all you say.*

C 2

To

To bring your Tying  
Up to Enjoying,  
Call first the Priest, and name the Day;  
Then, then name the Day.

Lasses are willing  
As Lads, for billing,  
When Marriage Vows are kindly prest.  
Let holy Father  
Tie us together,  
Then bill your fill, and bill your best;  
Then, then bill your best.

*Dam.* What! not a Hand, a Lip, for old Acquaintance?  
Not one poor Sample of the Grain, my Dear,  
Unless I make a Purchase of the whole?

*Phill.* No, *Damon*; now 'tis time to end our Fooling.  
Consent to wed me, or forbear to love.

*Dam.* What! dost thou think to starve me into Marriage?

*Phill.* I'll starve myself, but I'll avoid thy Falshood!  
Graze where thou wilt, I'll feed no ranging Lovers.

*Dam.* No——nor I won't be pounded, while I can leap  
A Hedge: So keep your Grass for Calves to graze on.  
I need not go a Mile for Pasture, Dame,  
And good as any Meal that you can make me.

*Phill.* Do, leave me, do, and prove thyself a Traitor!  
Faithless, inhumane *Damon*!——

*Dam.* ——Mighty well!  
This double Dow'r, I find, has turn'd thy Brain!  
And thou would'st make me madder than thyself!  
A Husband! Death! a Mill-horse, what, to grind,  
And grind, in one poor hopeless Round of Life!  
To-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow still  
To plod the Path I trod the Day before!  
O! methinks I feel the Collar on my Shoulders!

*Phill.* Abandon'd *Damon*! now I begin to hate thee.

*Dam.*



# A BALLAD OPERA.

21

*Dam.* I'm glad, my Mistress, that you'll speak your Mind!  
Some Girls will fool you on till one's Heart akes.  
But since I know your Play, forsooth, hang lag,  
Say I, and so farewell, fair *Phillida*.

A I R VII. I'll range around the shady Bow'rs.



*Dam.* I'll range the World, where Freedom reigns,  
And scatter Love around the Plains.

*Phill.* I'll starve my Love, and rather part,  
Than yield my Hand to fool my Heart.

*Dam.* The Frowns of this, I ne'er take ill:  
Where one denies, there's two that will.

*Phill.* Since Maids by Kindness are undone,  
Adieu, Mankind; I'll sigh for none.

*Dam.* No frozen Lass shall hold me long.

*Phill.* No Swain, that's false, my Love shall wrong.

*Dam.* Farewel! farewell — 'tis time to part.

*Phill.* Thus from thy Hold, I tear my Heart.

*Both.* Farewel! farewell, &c. [Exit *Phillida*. *Manet Damon*.]

*Dam.* How could the Gipsy muster such a Spirit?  
The Pertness of her Pride has so provok'd me,

I shall

I shall never rest in my Bed, till she  
Lies by me.

A I R VIII. At Noon, in a sultry, &c.



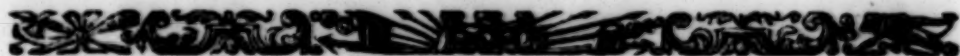
Dam. *Around the Plains my Heart has roov'd ;  
The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd :  
The Pert, the Proud, by turns have lov'd ;  
And kindly fill'd my Arms.  
I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd ;  
While This I woo'd, I That enjoy'd,  
And ere the Kind, with Kindness cloy'd,  
The Coy resign'd her Charms.*

*But now, alas ! these Days are done :  
The wrong'd are all reveng'd by One,  
Who, like a frighted Bird, is flown,  
Yet leaves her Image here.  
O ! could I, yet, her Heart recal,  
Before her Feet my Pride would fall,  
And, for her sake, forsaking all,  
Would fix for ever there.*

Here

Here she comes again, and with her—ha——  
Her Father! soft——I'm out of Favour there!  
Lie close a while, and mark what Nail's a driving.

[Retires.]



S C E N E V.

*Enter Corydon, with Phillida.*

*Cor.* And I say, think no more of him——

*Phill.*———That's hard!

Is't not enough I see him not?

*Cor.*——— I say,

Avoid him as the wildest Beast of Prey!

He uses Girls like Carrion: Not the Wolf

In a Sheepfold, or hungry Fox on Poultry,

Can make more Havock, than that wicked Rogue

Among the Wenches Hearts.——

*Damon.*———That must be me!

[Behind.]

But what says *Phillida*?

*Phill.*———Suppose this true!

Yet could he, still, be wrought to marry me!

*Cor.* My Patience! has he not refus'd to marry?

*Phill.* And therefore I've declar'd against his Love.

*Cor.* Ay, ay, but still he lurks within your Heart!

And 'till you drive him thence——

*Phill.*——— I strive to do it;

And if you knew the Pain, you'd pity me.



AIR



## AIR IX. Bush o' Boon Traquair.



*A thousand ways, to wean my Heart,  
 I've try'd, yet can't remove him.  
 And tho' for Life I've sworn to part,  
 For Life I find I love him.  
 Still should the dear false Man return,  
 And with new Vows pursue me,  
 His flatt'ring Tongue would kill my Scorn,  
 And still, I fear, undo me.*

*Cor.* Consider, *Philly*, if thou'rt fairly married,  
 (And thou hast choice of *Cimon*, or of *Mopsus*.)  
 How happy will thy double Dowry make thee?

*Phill.* I do consider, Father; so should you!  
 As a low Fortune, with the Man I love,  
 Can't make me rich; so Riches with the Man  
 I hate, can't make me happy——

*Dam.* ————— Gallant Girl!  
 O! I could eat thy very Lips, that spoke it.

} *Behind.*

*Cor.* See! yonder's *Cimon* coming! For my sake,  
 Dear *Phillida*, give him at least a Smile;  
 A little Love endur'd, may teach the Boy,

In

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In time, to please thee——

*Phill.* —— Well! since you desire it.

But *Mopsus* has the same Pretensions too.

Send him to make his equal Claim,

And, 'till he's found, I'll hear what *Cimon* says.

*Cor.* Ah! *Phillida*, thou gain'st my Heart. I'll send him.

[Exit.

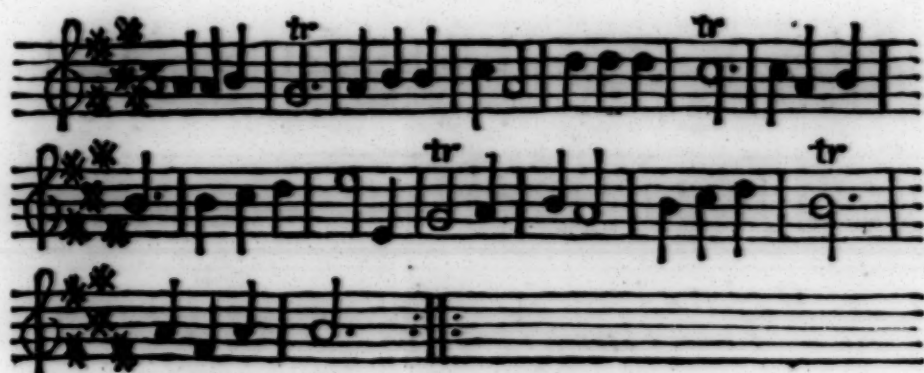
*Dam.* Now shall I measure, by their Hopes, my own.



## S C E N E XI.

To her *Cimon*, singing.

### A I R X.



*Cim.* Behold, and see thy wounded Lover!  
 Whose Truth from thee will ne'er depart!  
 O let my Tears, at length discover  
 One gentle Smile to heal my Heart!

*Phill.* Were in the World, no Man but *Cimon*,  
 None of the Female Kind but I,  
 With me should end the Name of Woman,  
 With thee the Race of Man should die.

*Cim.* O cruel Sound! false-hearted *Phillida*!  
 Didst thou not say, thou lov'st me better than

D

My

My Brother *Mopsus*? —

*Phill.* ——— Yes, but 'twas,  
As of two Evils, I would choose the least;  
Stay, 'till I'm bound to choose, and then reproach me.  
Thy Crying makes me laugh, his Laughing makes  
Me sleep. — There's all the hopeful Difference.

A I R XI. *Phillida flouts me.*



Cim.

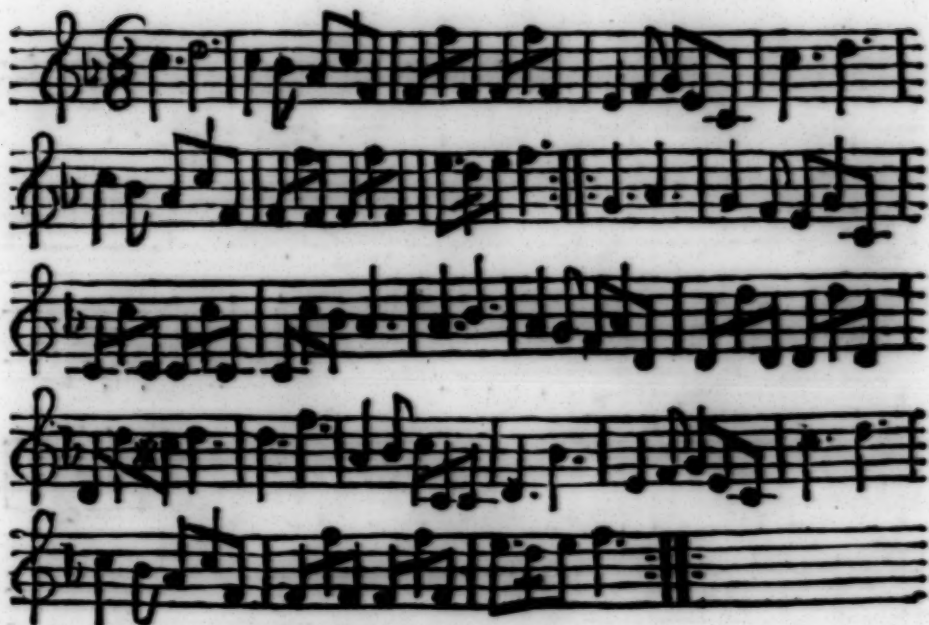
*O what a Plague is Love!  
I cannot bear it:  
What Life so curst can prove,  
Or Pain come near it!  
When I would tell my Mind,  
My Heart misdoubts me;  
Or when I speak, I find  
With Scorn she routs me.  
In vain is all I say,  
Her Answer still is Nay:  
O dismal, doleful Day!  
Phillida flouts me.*

*Enter*



*Enter Mopsus singing.*

A I R XII. One long *Whitsen* Holiday.



Mop. *Ah! poor Cimon! Dud a cry!  
Well-a-day! wipe an Eye! O fy, Phillida!  
To treat him so scornfully,  
Shamefully, mournfully!  
Phillida, fy!*

Phill. *No, no, no, Sir Pert, and Dull!  
Simpleton, Paperskull! I for ever shall  
Think thee far the greater Fool!  
Therefore will give thee Cause  
With him to cry.*

Cim. *Toll! loll! loll! doll!—Now I pray,  
Who has Cause most to cry, ah! well-a-day?*

Mop. *What care I! why let her scoff,  
I can laugh; play her off, better than you.*

Cim. *Ah! poor Mopsus, thou'rt a Fool!*

Mop. *I say, you're a greater Owl.*

Cim. *Nay, now I'm sure that's a Lye.*

D 2

Mop.

Mop. *What's a Lye? —*  
 Cim. *That's a Lye!*  
 Mop. *I say, 'tis true.*

## AIR XIII. Cruel, cruel, tyrannizing.



Phill. *Give over your Love, you great Loobies,  
 I hate you both, you Sir, and you too:  
 Did ever a Brace of such Boobies  
 The Lafs that detests them, pursue?*

Mop. *How! — —*

Phill. *— Go! —*

Cim. *— Oh! I'm ready to faint!  
 How are you?*

[To Mopfus.

Mop. *Why truly, she treats us but so, so.  
 For my part, I think she's a Devil.  
 A Woman would scorn for to do so.*

Cim. *O fy! fy! such Words are uncivil.*

Phill. *Prepare then, to hear my last Sentence.  
 Before I'd wed either, much rather  
 I'd stand on the Stool of Repentance,  
 And wait for my Bantling a Father.*

*Go! — —*

Go!—

Cim. —Oh! *Woe!* I'm ready to faint;  
Mop. And I too.

*Was ever a Slut so inhuman!*  
*Odfooks! let us take down her Mettle!*  
Cim. I dare not—

Mop. —Let me come! *psaw waw, Man,*  
*She only has water'd a Nettle.*

*In short, this won't do, Mrs. Vixen!*  
*For one of us two you must now choose.*  
Phill. *Then you are the Man that I fix on;*  
*And you—are the Fool I refuse.*  
[Strikes each a Box on the Ear.]

Cim. *Wounds!*

Cim. }  
and } *Go! The Devil would fly such a Spouse.*  
Mop. }

Phill. If there's a Joy comes near recovering those  
We love, sure 'tis to silence those we hate.



*When*



*When Cimon and Mopsus are gone, Damon presents himself  
to Phillida, singing.*

A I R XIV. Dutch Skipper.



Dam. *See! behold, and see!  
With an Eye kind, and relenting,  
Damon, now, repenting,  
Only true to thee;  
Content to love, and love for Life!*

Phill. *If you, now sincere,  
With an honest Declaration  
Mean to prove your Passion,  
To the Purpose swear,  
And make, at once, a Maid a Wife.*

Dam. *Thus, for Life, I take thee,  
Never to forsake thee,  
Soon, or late,  
I find our Fate,  
To Hearts astray,  
Directs the way,  
And brings, to lasting Joys, the Rover home.*

Phill. *Ever kind, and tender,  
Conquer'd, I surrender:*

*Prove*

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*Prove but true,  
As I, to you,  
Each kindling Kiss  
Shall add a Bliss,  
That only, from the constant Lip, can move.*

## A I R XV. Second Part of the Dutch Skipper.



Dam. *To the Priest away, to bind our Vows,  
With our Hands and Hearts united.*  
Phill. *To reduce the Rover to lawful Spouse,  
Is a Triumph, my Heart has delighted.*  
Dam. *If I never could fix,  
'Twas the Fault of the Sex,  
Who easily yielding, were easy to cloy,  
But in Love we still find,*  
Both. *When the Heart's well inclin'd,  
In One, only One, is the Joy.  
But in Love, &c.*

F I N I S.





